

Folio 9, a few lines from the title page of the original broadside.

THE late Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation.

The Tune of, On the Bank of a River, Or; Now now the Fights done.



The World is ungrateful
the People deceitful,
Ambition and Pyde our first Parents did
it leads to high places
as Slip'ry as Glases,
Their gilded pretences all vanish like smoke.

This fatal delusion
Brought me to confusion
Fall by those Powers I did justly provoke.

Those Men of Sedition
that nurst my Ambition
And sooth'd up my Fancy with hopes of a Crown
their faces are depending
and must have an Ending.

¶ 'Tis they ruin'd me and my former renown
Seducers of Reason
¶ Made me commit Treason
¶ For which on the Block I lay my head down.

¶ My Grief I discobe
For those I brought ower,
¶ And those in this Land I seduc'd to the Sin
true Churchmen den'd me
¶ the Gentry desp'd me,
¶ With none but the Factious I labor did win
this sorrowful sentence
¶ brings me to Repentance
Unfortunate Monmouth this Act to begin.

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The Second Part, To the same Tune.

Thus my Allegiance was all disobedience
the King of the West in those Parts they me call,
Each Village and City
was spoil'd without Pitty,
The Kings better Subjects I brought into Thrall:
But now such vile doing
hath caused my ruin
My Pyde and Ambition must now have a Fall.

The popular Sable
and neale of the Rabbble,
It pleas'd meat first and did nourish the Vice
Twas Pyde and Vain-Glory
did furnish the Story
And gave to my alter proceedings the Rite
while that I did aspire
t' fly higher and higher,
Like thy' generous Bird I was snar'd fir a trice.

All did me admire
naught I could require,
But the Royal-Bounty did freely allow
was of Royal standing
had all at commanding
And men of the highest Rank to me did bow
but I've taken ill measures
and lost all those Treasures
Per M^r Monmouth's thy' Cast is alter'd now.

Ambition can't bozow
One day, e're to morrow
Per M^r Monmouth must lie in the silent dark Grate:
let his sad conclusion
be Traptoz Confusion
And dash them to Pieces as Rocks do the Waves.
take warning you Traptoz
and all you Crown Hauers
Your cunning designs your Heads shall not save.

This may be Printed July 18. R. L. S

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-
Ball in Pye-Comer.